



MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1918

Tuscania Another "Maine," Fans Again to Hot Flame America's Fighting Spirit

In All Our Wars a Disaster to American Arms or Flag Invariably Has Been Followed by a Rush of Recruits to the Colors, Eager to Avenge.

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). Not for months have the recruiting stations been so crowded as since news of the Tuscania disaster was published. In many cities the recruiting officers have been swamped by overwork. Enlistments have more than doubled.—News Item.

THAT is America's answer to the Kaiser's bogey of Frightfulness. That has been America's eternal answer to every such disaster since our history began.

The torpedoing of a transport, the wholesale drowning of helpless men, that sort of thing was shrewdly calculated to show Germany's power and to make Americans hesitate to enlist against so deadly a foe. And it has had a happier effect on enlistment than a billion-dollar patriotic crusade could have had.

If the Apostles of Frightfulness had taken the trouble to read American history and to profit by the reading, they would have found it far cheaper to sink their own U boat than to let it sink the Tuscania. Here are a few precedents by which they might have profited:

In our country's babyhood, the colonists were helping their English rulers to stem the tide of French-and-Indian invasion, which threatened to sweep the English-speaking races from this continent. The war was waged half-heartedly and at a steady loss by our ancestors until a force of the enemy treacherously ambushed and slaughtered Braddock's expeditionary force in the forests near Pittsburgh.

That murderous deed awoke the whole continent to a flame of vengeful fury. Thousands of men left farm and shop and rushed to enroll themselves in the Colonial Army. Inside of a year or two the French-and-Indian menace was forever smashed—from Canada to Florida, from the Alleghenies to the sea. The land was cleared of the menace that once had been about to engulf it.

About twenty years later the same Americans were peacefully and hopelessly trying to obtain justice from the home-country. Most of the colonists went at the reform in a spiritless fashion or not at all. Then, a body of Redcoats fired on a crowd of unarmed Bostonians, in an effort to scare the malcontents into submission. News of the Boston Massacre stirred the dull sparks of discontent into a raging blaze which never thereafter was stamped out.

When at last the Revolution began, barely half the country was behind it. Lord Howe and other British military leaders believed one heavy blow would crush the spirit of the patriots. That blow was struck at Bunker Hill in June of 1775. The ill-armed Revolutionists made a gallant defense. But they were moved down and forced to retreat before superior numbers and better artillery. The story of Bunker Hill sent a horde of men and boys into the patriot service. It turned the scales and made the Revolution invincible. It turned the scales and made the Revolution invincible. It turned the scales and made the Revolution invincible.

In the War of 1812 America was lukewarm. It was almost impossible to get men to enlist. New England even threatened to secede from the Union rather than fight. It was a Golden-Mush Age for pacifists. And because of all this apathy defeat stared us in the face. Then the British looted and burned our capital city of Washington and heaped needless indignities on the stricken place. This was done as a final humiliation upon the beaten Americans. It was a nineteenth century form of Frightfulness.

It was also a deathblow to England's hopes of victory. For it turned pacifists into tigers. It roused apathetic New England to deathless fury. It jammed every camp with recruits. Old men and boys, even women, clamored wildly to enlist and to wipe out the stain on our Nation's honor. In a few months the enemy had given up the struggle and we had fought our way to honorable peace.

A handful of American settlers resented Mexican oppression and sought to free Texas from Mexico's yoke. The movement met with few supporters and it seemed doomed to fail. Then the Mexicans hummed in a band of American men and women and children at the Alamo mission fort. To teach the Yankees a lesson in the folly of trying to oppose Mexico, the Mexicans massacred practically every one in the Alamo, inflicting hideous tortures on many of the victims. That was Mexico's idea of Frightfulness.

Every American in Mexico went mad with rage at the atrocity. Every American who could carry a weapon or walk a mile enrolled in Sam Houston's tiny army of defense. A war to the death was vowed. Presently the Mexican forces were sent reeling and shattered across the border into their own country. Texas was free. And it was American.

Black Hawk, the Indian chief, raised the standard of revolt against the United States Government and rallied to his aid every nearby tribe. For a time no power seemed able to check him. Then his savages committed a wholesale massacre whose horrors sickened the entire world. The quick result was that thousands of white men (young Abraham Lincoln among them) enlisted in the campaign to stem the tide of Indian victory. And presently the once dreaded band of Black Hawk was annihilated.

You remember, don't you, the divided feeling here in America as to our duty in declaring war on Spain for Cuba's freedom? There was no general sentiment for war until, one February night in 1898, our battleship, the Maine, was destroyed in Havana Harbor. There has never been any proof that Spain was guilty of destroying the ship. But the American people did not wait for proof. Our ship had been sunk and our men killed in a Spanish port. And a wave of vengeance hurried us pell-mell into a victorious war with Spain.

Yes! In every crisis of our country's glorious story, a national disaster (or an enemy's attempts at Frightfulness or at unfairness) has aroused in us an all-destructing wrath that has thronged the recruiting offices and has invariably led us to victory.

For every man slain aboard the Tuscania, Germany has arrayed against herself many thousand new and formidable enemies.

Sound Waves Visible on Firing Line

INTERESTING data regarding the visibility of sound waves have recently been published in "L'As-tromie." In letters from men at the front. One writer tells of seeing curved lines of light, alternating with dark bands, moving swiftly across the sky while heavy cannonading was in progress. A second writer speaks of witnessing a series of arcs of light travelling across a cloud-

flecked sky. Scientists attribute these phenomena to sound waves which originate with the explosions and spread in all directions like enlarging spheres, resulting in successive and alternate belts of rarefied and compressed air, says Popular Mechanics. Under certain atmospheric conditions, with the sun in the proper position, portions of these spreading waves become visible in the form of moving arcs of light.

The Evening World Daily Magazine

A Real Novelty in New York

NINE HUNDRED DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS AND OF ALL TIMES AT ODD EXHIBIT



Jazzakaboola Furnaces and Fast Days

Named After the Snake That Swallows Itself, This Particular Furnace Devours the Whole Bungalow, Which Reconciles Us to Senator Smoot's Suggestion of One Fast Day a Month, to Be a Legal Holiday—Wouldn't Be So Bad After All, for It Leaves Only 29 Illegal Fast Days Every Moon.

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER

Copyright by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). While the Russian-German peace conference is over at Brest-Litovsk, and when Mrs. Brest-Litovsk counted up the spoons only fourteen were missing. Of course, that puts a big dent in the set, but it isn't such a bad record for a peace conference. At the last conference at The Hague, when they held a post-mortem over the silverware, over six dozen knives, spoons and forks were absent from the picnic. Of course, we don't accuse anybody. We don't like to mention any names, but it is a peculiar circumstance that one of the Kaiser's sons got married shortly afterward.

Still, it's bad business to accuse anybody on circumstantial evidence. While every married man looks worried, every worried-looking man isn't married. But, as a rule, they are. If you see a perturbed-looking gent flat-wheeling down the street with enough wrinkles in his expression to hold a week's rain, you can bet the poor fish is married, going to be married, or convalescent. And you can't blame him. With coal scarcer than white cows, with food higher than a giraffe's whiskers, and the mercury always in the basement of the thermometer—well—this winter has certainly dealt us one off the bottom of the deck.

The man who has a house to heat is fortunate. He is like the jazzakaboola snake. The jazzakaboola snake flicks its tail in its mouth and starts swallowing itself. He swallows and swallows until he just plumb swallows himself. In about two minutes there ain't no jazzakaboola snake. And the man with a house to heat first uses up all his coal, then he burns the coal bin, the cellar steps, the kitchen table, the parlor furniture, the family toothbrush, the chiffonier, the attic steps, the front door, the ceilings, the floors and the family album. In order to heat the house he has to put the house into the furnace. He has one of those jazzakaboola furnaces that swallows the house. But after he burns the house all his worries are over. He has no house to heat. The jazzakaboola furnace has swallowed the jazzakaboola bungalow.

But the man who has to feed a bungalow has a tougher job, unless he has a jazzakaboola family that can eat the bungalow. But very few

families can get any nutrition out of a set of cellar steps en casserole or a bird cage au gratin. A synthetic best stew made out of coat hooks and shoe trees makes poor chow. The food question looks like the answer to that old puzzle about why a mouse spins. The reply was, the higher, the fewer. That explains it. The higher that food gets, the less there is of it. The higher, the fewer is correct.

Senator Smoot of Utah thinks he has the right angle on the food question by suggesting that we fast one day a month. We don't mind fasting a day each month at the proper time, but the Senator picks out a time of the year when the days are getting longer. Fasting a short day is all right, but a long day is something else again.

The Senator certainly stepped on his Adam's apple when he poked out these wholesale days to fast. A short retail day in December wouldn't be so bad. Still, the Senator person figures that the food saved on a non-eatable day would bust the grub famine.

He would make the eatless day a legal fast day each month. One legal fast day each month wouldn't be so bad. That would only leave twenty-nine illegal fast days for the rest of the month.

Why France Uses "Horizon Blue" Uniforms

OUR khaki suits are good. But this makes it appear as if there were "horizon blue," the color which the French use for their uniforms, is said to be better still.

The uniforms of horizon blue make the wearer appear, if not actually a part of the landscape, at least considerably further away than they are. The reason for this is that it is the color of distance, explains Popular Science Monthly. An artist painting shape rather than by his color, the landscape puts his objects "back" blending of his clothes with the color by washing them over with a mixture of the horizon helps his "camouflage" of white and blue, the horizon blue considerably.

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Babies of the Whole World Have Played With Dolls Since the Days of Cain

Quaintest Exhibition That New York Has Seen in a Long Time Made Up of Dolls From Every Age and Clime—They Show That Kiddies of All Lands Have a Common Love

By Will B. Johnstone.

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DOLLS is the oldest game in the world. Cain must have had the first doll, for every child since has loved one.

When the Ptolemy Construction Company was erecting the Pyramids on the Nile, history tells us that the children who were not being gobbled up by crocodiles were playing with dolls. The evidence, a baked clay doll taken from an Egyptian tomb over four thousand years old, is in the British Museum.

That every nation has had its dolls is proved by an interesting exhibition now being held at the Max Williams Galleries, Madison Avenue and 40th Street. This international doll collection is the work of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Horton of Boston, Mass., and includes nine hundred baby dolls culled from all corners of the civilized globe, some from uncivilized corners and a few from Germany.

These dolls have been kissed and talked to in every language of the world. What childish confidences they have shared and what tears have stained their faded frocks it is easy to imagine. One large, frightful doll from Siam is hideous enough to make any child cry. It is the most curious to be found in the entire gallery. One cannot

picture the Siamese twins crooning Siamese baby talk into the ear of this grotesque monster. It has everything except hoofs, horns and a spiked tail. Maybe it was used to reconcile the twins to being born handcuffed together and happy in the thought that they would never be alone with the thing. Its fierce expression reminds you of a commuter suggesting to his dealer that he might relieve the coal shortage by washing his drivers' faces.

No less a personage than the King of England is here, dolled up in full regiments. He wears all his decorations, a medal score to which only John Philip Sousa is runner-up. If you press the King on the spot where he formerly wore the double cross of Honorary Colonel in the Prussian Guard, he talks—with a lot of English on his accent. They'll have to play "God Save the King" if the exhibition plays Milwaukee, for some little Louis there will itch to take His Majesty and rock him to sleep, using a cobble if a rock isn't handy.

Other doll nobility with royal savdust couraging through their veins are on view. For instance, a high caste lady of India. Her brilliantly tinselled raiment proclaims her ability to star in the role, even if she didn't have a typical Morocco coat in her right eye, due, probably, to the gold wire hoop that pierces her noble nose. This wire is strung with beads like a billiard marker. Her disgusted look and the few beads she has racked on the wire suggest left-handed incompetence.

Descending to the opposite end of the social scale, we find a Russian doll. This represents a peasant or statesman type of the Doll-shievel class. On whiskers he appears to be a maximist, but as to clothes he is a minimalist a la Rip Van Winkle. His right arm, severed by some childish Hun, has been tied on at the doll hospital. He packs a gun on his back and a pall in his good hand, standing with indecision between his two loves, gunnery and bunrery. The left foot is advanced toward the pall, however, in the act of doing a Trotsky to the vodka works. Ambushed under his beard is a medal of the third class of the old regime which entitles him to be arrested with a military band.

"Bar Njall" (Father of Rivers), an African doll, comes from the land of the Hottentot tota. You will note from the picture that his dress is of the same exquisite form fitting material as that of the natives, being sun-kissed epidermis over cuticle, washable if customary, non-shrinkable, fashion changing every seven years, no bag at the knees, wrinkles easily massaged, hole-proof and self-mending.

THE beautiful German dolls, mostly big Berthas from Austria-Hungary (now spelled Hungary), recall our former estimate of a people kindly, home loving, fashioning dolls for children as subtle propaganda for seven passenger families, stimulating maternal instincts in the young and engendering the idea that a woman's place is behind the sink. Surely a people with many fine points—like a cactus.

The dimpled hands that once Belgianized these dolls, straining their unbreakable heads, are gone where Little Boy Blue went, only theirs is a shrill Prussian blue.

Dolls in Japan antedated their old-time dynasties, evidently, from the ancient doll curies exhibited from that country. These are tiny bits of glazed pottery, stunted like the people. Everything in Japan seems to be stunted except the love of money. The fact that the dolls survive to this day is a tribute to the loving carelessness of Japanese infants. These are the most valuable in the collection.

Eskimo dolls who have journeyed here from the Arctic attic of the universe dressed in coal-black Monday attire feel quite at home, in spite of New York's chilly reception. These friends of Doc Cook's have sent a request to impulsive Brooklyn—no flowers, please.

A Chinese doll on exhibition bears the legend, "Beheaded for disobedience." What deadly offense this doll committed you may conceive of on inspecting the remains, for some little Chinck certainly made the punishment fit the crime.

Children of the primitive cliff dwellers had dolls too, and high up the canyon walls in their walk-up apartments they nursed their "babies" just as our little cliff dwellers do here to-day, as a doll relic still attests.

THE Indian tribes of the great Southwest bestowed the best of their crude art on fantastic little clay figures, marvelously decorated and elaborately dressed, for their kiddies to cherish and entertain with dolly dialogues. You find them from all the tribes.

Our fiercest American Indians, the only true unhyphenated Americans who have successfully eluded our melting pot and the soap dish, encouraged this same Indian instinct in their young. One of their funny dolls, contrived of buckskin with features indicated by beads, is a caricature of an old Shawas squaw. Its soiled condition is eloquent of their Shywash propensities.

Out of the hundreds and hundreds of interesting treasures, one American doll will take the grandmothers of this generation back to their happy childhood. This wax beauty has been opening and shutting her large brown eyes since 1854, and though her satin basque is out of fashion and her once rosy lips are kissed to obliteration, she scornfully eyes her company with proud disdain, for her hair, real human hair, which looks as if it had been grown on the place, is a crown of glory with its glossy coiffure of ringlets.

The only doll missing is our old friend and comforter the rag baby. She is assassinated every summer at Coney Island by baseball throwers and will soon be extinct, which is no way to treat an old pal.